

## LOOK OUT FOR RAILROADS.

They Are Expected to Oppose the Weekly Payment Bill.

Rapid Growth of "The World's" Mammoth Legislative Petition.

The World's big petition for the passage of the Weekly Payment bill is growing every day. Signatures are coming in thick and fast, and every mail adds hundreds of names to the monster appeal which is going to be sent to the Legislature.

Employers in all branches of trade are coming out in enthusiastic support of the bill, many of the letters received coming from distant parts of the State, showing the widespread and unprecedented interest taken in the success of the measure by the wage-earning people.

That the objection made by many corporations—that the passage of such a bill would injure those concerns which now pay monthly by compelling them to go to extra expense for clerical work—is groundless, is conclusively shown by many of the World's correspondents. One of them, a Providence workman, writes that he was employed for a number of years by a concern in that city which had 1,500 men on its pay-rolls. When the workers wanted to change from monthly to weekly payments the employers made the same objection.

The men finally won their point, and as a matter of fact the only additional expense to which the firm was put in making up weekly payments was the pay of one extra assistant who was engaged to little more than those of an office boy. George Blair, the well-known labor advocate, says that every friend of the cause of the people ought to assist in the effort to push the Weekly Payment bill. It is a measure that labor leaders have been agitating for the last five years, but never until the present time has it had so powerful a champion as "The World."

He thinks that the railroad companies will be the first to object to the bill, because they have always worked against such measures in the past, making the absurd claim that weekly pay-rolls would be ruinous to their business. Employees of banks, trust and insurance companies are now paid by the month, and every one knows that wages are paid weekly to the majority of them. They are all enthusiastically in favor of the bill.

Ernest Wiman, the millowner of Staten Island, who once wrote to the printer's case for \$5 a week, says that he believes every workman who wants his wages weekly should have them. He is prepared to pay his men every week if they ask for it without any law.

Mr. Wiman does not believe that any law compelling weekly wages is necessary, and in this respect he holds the same views as many other managers of big corporations. He says that his Staten Island Transit line in Staten Island is paid monthly, and he doesn't see why they should be paid weekly if the company cannot collect its dues every week.

Mr. Wiman presents the capitalist's side of the question when he says: "You are not equal to the Legislature in passing such a bill; you are employing force. You are not asking the Legislature to grant a point to their employees; you are asking the Legislature to enforce the concession desired."

What is to prevent the corporations going to the Legislature with a bill compelling workmen to accept their wages once a year? Some people say corporations have strength enough to do these things.

## GAVE THE SIGNAL TOO SOON.

A Green Policeman Turns a Prize-Fight Raid Into a Fiasco.

A crowd of old and young men, occupied every seat and every inch of available standing room in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning, waiting to see what would be done with the fifty-three men who were arrested in the cellar of Louis Franchi's saloon, on the southwest corner of South Fifth Avenue and Bleecker street, last night, when they had assembled to witness a prize-fight between Tommy Gillen and Pete Mace, two lightweights as yet unknown to fame.

The prisoners were ranged in a long line before Justice White this morning, and Lawyer Stiner told the magistrate that when the police raided the place last night only one of the men was in the flag; the other was his street clothes, and, in fact, there was no prize-fight in progress.

Detectives Reynolds and Sullivan, who headed the raiders, were obliged to admit that this was true, and so the whole party were discharged.

The match was the result of a wager made between some gentlemen in an uptown club a few nights ago.

Recently Jack knocked out Eddie Donnelly in three rounds quite easily, and made a friend of a wealthy sportsman by doing so. The latter backed him for the match last night, and Gillen was selected to fight him.

Louis Franchi's saloon was decided upon as the place where the match should be fought.

However, some unknown enemy of Louis gave the tip to Capt. Brogan, of the Mercer street station.

He sent out his policemen in citizen's clothes to the saloon, with orders to go down in the pit and give a signal when the fight was well under way. He was a new man and spoiled everything.

There was only one way of getting in or out of the pit, and that was by means of a steep flight of stairs in the saloon. Down there he clambered as the clock was striking 12, and there found a regular foot fight in progress, and all the paraphernalia of a prize-fight about him. Bets were being offered and taken on every side of him. Argentine Detectives Sullivan and Reynolds, with forty policemen, surrounded the saloon outside.

Gillen, dressed in tight and wearing small gloves, sprang into the ring shortly after 12 o'clock, when there was a shout and the young policeman thought that the match was on and rushed and gave the signal.

Instantly the police rushed in, and while some guarded every inch of ground from the saloon doors rushed into the pit, but there was no fighting. In fact, Mace had not been assumed his ring costume.

However, the police felt they must do something, so they arrested Franchi, the prize-fighters and the spectators in the pit, but did not collect the crowd. In fact, the saloon upstairs, the prisoners were locked up in the Mercer street station all night.

A Banger Frozen to Death.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

HELENA, Mont., Jan. 28.—Thomas Elliott, a wealthy rancher of Flathead valley was frozen to death near Rock River during the recent blizzard.

## PLAUDITS FOR NELLIE BLY.

Thousands of Congratulatory Messages from All Over the World.

Seeking the Winner of "The World's" Free European Trip.

Had not the pretty head that sits on Nellie Bly's shoulders been cooled and thoroughly levelled by her training as a reporter, it would run great risk of being turned by the avalanche of complimentary telegrams, letters and newspaper articles of which she and her wonderful journey form the subject.

Her trip has excited world-wide attention. Congratulations by the column come pouring into "The World's" office on the success of the attempt to demonstrate the perfection of modern facilities for travelling and the advance in civilization which enables an unprotected woman to stride this earth of ours with as much safety and comparative comfort as she could take a ride from New York to Philadelphia.

Among the stacks of messages there are kind words from leading editors, authors and geographers in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Montreal and Savannah, and many from over the water.

The Jersey City Merchants' Association has voted to tender Miss Bly a banquet, and a committee will to-day wait upon her to request her presence.

A suggestion comes from a Mississippian editor that the young woman make a tour of the South under "The World's" auspices, and promises a greeting worthy of the lady and of Southern hospitality.

That mischievous little slum which gives his mistress plenty of occupation. He is much dissatisfied with life in a flat, and is making very successful attempts to render life disagreeable also to his mistress. It seems probable that the Central Park Zoo may receive an accession.

The work of the guest coupons goes on as rapidly as consistent with accuracy. The result will be announced as soon as the work is completed. There are now fourteen men constantly at work from sunrise to sunset. All guesses which do not hit right on the number of days, hours and minutes are destroyed out of the contest.

All ballots, however, that do strike the exact number of days, hours and minutes are counted, and each is cashed according to the date of guess, the date of mailing and the date of reception at "The World's" office.

For the purpose of guessers—that is, to prevent the surreptitious introduction of a guess dated back—the seconds recorded by the stop watches have not been made public. The secret is only known to the three timekeepers and "The World's" business manager, just as even as the winner is the one who guesses the complete time, with the winner's name, will be made known to the public.

## IMPERILED BY ICEBERGS.

La Champagne Reaches Port After a Most Tempestuous Voyage.

The French line steamship La Champagne arrived at her pier, foot of Morton street, North River, at 10.50 o'clock this morning.

La Champagne had a rough voyage from the very start, and in addition encountered terrible hurricanes and enormous seas, other dangers menaced her safety during the entire voyage.

This danger loomed up every now and then in the shape of icebergs, monsters in height and width.

La Champagne left Havre Jan. 18, at 10 A. M., and had moderate weather until the afternoon of the next day. Then she ran into a hurricane. Seas swept her from stem to stern, and compelled the captain to slow his engines.

Great numbers of logs were floating about on the huge seas, and were dashed dangerously against the ship's edges with tremendous thumps.

During the next two days the vessel passed through a succession of gales, hail, and snow, and during the entire time, and the vessel, with every part of her coated with frost, looked as though she were made of ice.

On the 24th of her 31 another hurricane was encountered. Once more the engineer was compelled to slow his engine. The waves curled over the bow and the vessel was tossed about like a cork in the sea, and allowed to drip over the bow at the rate of a gallon an hour, and small life-boats were swept away and lost.

At 3.15 o'clock on the afternoon following all hands went on deck to see an enormous iceberg. It was 220 feet long and about the same width at its base. Two smaller ones accompanied it.

Later in the afternoon another iceberg measuring 120 feet long, 40 feet wide and 70 feet high, was encountered.

After this La Champagne ploughed through a sea of ice, and at 10.30 o'clock met another iceberg, about 120 feet high and 60 feet wide.

Jan. 25 snow fell, but the seas went down, and a moderate weather continued until the vessel anchored inside the Hook at 6.30 o'clock last night.

The human liner City of Chicago, which arrived at her pier this morning, reports having met very heavy weather.

The City of Chicago left Liverpool Jan. 18, she battled with heavy seas and high winds during the entire voyage.

The Chicago encountered the same fields of ice as La Champagne. The Chicago was about seventy miles further south.

The Chicago was thirty hours in getting through the ice field.

The port which became loosened Jan. 24, and the vessel, with every part of her coated with frost, looked as though she were made of ice.

Another snow-draw was necessary to repair damages.

No serious damage was done, however, and Capt. Bedford reports crew and passengers as well.

The Lylian Monarch, which had to put two hours delay recently for coal, arrived this morning bearing marks of her tempestuous voyage.

The Mount Edgecumbe and the Volturno also came in and report hurricanes and severe seas during the voyage to New York.

Some of these vessels have heard even anything of the National liner Erie, and no news has yet been received by the company's agents.

It is still about, and must also be two months a vessel to find her.

Commissioners for "L." Suite.

Justice Andrews today appointed Andrew H. Green, Dwight H. Ginn and Edward C. Donnelly a commission to appraise the contents of eleven pieces of property in Church street, Murray street, West Fifth street, First avenue and East Fifth street, which are owned by the trustees of the elevated structure.

\$400,000 Failure in Cotton.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

New Orleans, Jan. 28.—J. B. Lallande & Co., dealers in cotton here, failed. Lallande \$400,000, assets \$200,000.

His Case Now Goes Up to the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Hoffman Puts Up \$5,000 that He Will Not Run Away.

Herr Most has been liberated from custody on \$5,000 bail, pending his appeal to the Court of Appeals.

He was brought down from the Tombs this morning and taken in Supreme Court, Chambers, where Judge O'Brien was sitting.

Most was surrounded by a crowd of friends and seemed to be in good humor. While he was seated in the court his lawyers, William F. Howe and Joe Moss, were before Presiding Justice Van Brunt in the latter's private room, arguing in Most's behalf.

Assistant District Attorney McKenzil, Semple appeared for the people to oppose the motion for his admission to bail pending the appeal.

Lawyer Howe said that there was a grave doubt as to the legality of the conviction, and requested a stay of proceedings until a notice of appeal could be filed with the Supreme Court.

Mr. Semple made strong opposition to the motion. He upheld the decision of the general term, which confirmed the finding of the lower court and Judge Cowing's sentence, and urged that the motion be denied.

Judge Van Brunt considered the case in all its phases, and finally decided to grant the stay and allow Most to go on bail until his case was decided by the Court of Appeals.

Judge Van Brunt said there were two questions in this case. One was as to the credibility of the witnesses who appeared at the trial and the other as to the fairness of the conviction.

Judge Van Brunt also expressed a grave doubt as to whether Most had committed a crime in this State. He was not certain whether he had uttered any seditious speech against this State or the State of Illinois.

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John Anderson, alias Capt. Jinks, stepped coolly in front of Justice White in the Jefferson Market Police Court to-day, and yawned indifferently while Detective Roberts and Wagner, of the West Thirty-seventh street station, made a charge of murder against him.

The Captain seems to be a tough of the past breed.

He is not yet twenty-two years old, very short, but broad-shouldered and strong. He lives at 540 West Twenty-ninth street, and when at large leads the Alley Gang, of West Twenty-eighth street.

A week ago Anderson, George Holliday, Billy Lloyd and a dozen others of the gang were rushing the growler in an alley at 528 West Twenty-eighth street.

Charles Healey, a sober, industrious young man lived in a house in the rear, and about 8 o'clock started out to take a walk.

He had to go through the alley and the gang held him up, demanding money with which to buy beer.

He refused, and Lawson struck him on the head. He ran up a short flight of wooden stairs in the rear of the front house, and turned to head off his assailants.

The alley gang swarmed at the foot of the stairs like a pack of hungry wolves, but for a few seconds young Healey kept them off by kicking vigorously at their faces.

There were too many for him though, and Holliday once again managed to close with and punch him. Both men fell against the front stoop rail, which broke, and the vessel, with every part of her coated with frost, looked as though she were made of ice.

Some one cried "Police!" and the gang rushed out in the street. Seemingly blue-coats, they again attacked Healey, who followed them in order to have them arrested.

Lloyd, Holliday and Capt. Jinks rushed the young man into a dark hallway and there the vessel, with every part of her coated with frost, looked as though she were made of ice.

Others of the gang stood outside and would not let any one go in to save him.

Healey cried for help, but when they left the hall his cries were silenced.

The trio, feeling that they had killed young Healey, then fled. Lloyd and Holliday, he said, have gone to London on a cattle boat.

Anderson went to a house about a mile back of Ansonia, Conn., where he took refuge with a man whom he used to know in New York named Daniel Ryan, alias "Gander," alias "Bones."

Detective Healey arrested him there last night and brought him to New York.

Healey was so seriously injured by the beating he received that he had to be taken to the Roosevelt Hospital and died there last Friday.

To an Evening World reporter this morning the Captain said: "I want in the matter. George Holliday and Billy Lloyd did him up, and I had no hand in it. I only looked on and called time when I thought the duck had enough."

"They say I hit him with a lead shot. Pahaw, I could do none him with anything better than that if I wanted to," he declared.

He denied his guilt to the Justice, but Nellie Bly, Billy's sister, aware that she was the captain's pound young Healey with a stick while the latter was lying on the ground.

"Billy" had no hand in doing Healey.

The police think otherwise, and they are securing the city for both him and his co-defendants. They have a chance enough to hang the whole three.

Young Healey's father is a proof reader on a morning paper. He was a most estimable young man, and was employed as assistant foreman in Gilmore's bakery in Housatonic street. Anderson was held for him and Nellie Bly was sent to the House of Detention as a witness. She is a widow with one child.

The alley gang once set fire to Mrs. Davidson's grocery store at 322 West Twenty-eighth street because she would not give them money for beer, and on another occasion went into the house of a family upstairs in the same house and burned their bed for refusing to "set 'em up" for them.

The woman has not been able to make any statement, and will not do so until Counselor Hooper investigates the case, which will not be until next Monday.

IS IT MURDER OR SUICIDE?

Puzzling Phases of the Lawson-Hagen Tragedy in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn police authorities are puzzling their heads to-day as to whether last night's tragedy is a case of murder, homicide in self-defense or suicide. Stories of the affair are conflicting.

Sievert Hagen, a Swede, forty-eight years old and a carpenter, living at 76 Partition street is the victim. He died at 3.10 this morning. His wife, Mary, and Charles Lawson, a conductor on the croton street railroad, figure in the tragedy.

Hagen's dead body is at the Morgue, a bullet through the brain having killed him. The woman is now lying in the long Island College Hospital with a ruptured spleen, and Lawson is in the Long Island College Hospital, charged with murder, and awaiting the action of Coroner Rooney and a jury.

Before Justice Tilden this morning in the Butler street Police Court, Lawson, who is a big, muscular man, stated that he had boarded with Hagen and his wife for a few months, but that he had no quarrel with Hagen, and that he had no quarrel with Hagen's wife.

Lawson occupied four rooms on the second floor of 76 Partition street, one in front being used as a sitting room, the rear one as a kitchen, and the other two as a bedroom. Lawson having one of the latter.

Lawson says that he was sitting in the kitchen with Hagen and his wife about 7.30 last night when Hagen quarreled with the woman, and also told Lawson to get out of the kitchen and go into his room. Lawson did so, and closed the door.

In a moment afterwards two shots were fired rapidly, and Mrs. Hagen came running and screaming into Lawson's room, and Lawson, who was sitting in the kitchen, got out of the kitchen and ran into his room, Lawson did so, and closed the door.

Lawson barred his door, he says, and shot Lawson, pointing his pistol through the aperture.

Seeing Hagen with a revolver in his hand and threatening to shoot both his wife and Lawson, the latter says he grappled with Hagen and in the struggle Lawson secured the revolver and threw it under his bed, and ran out and sought refuge in a saloon on the corner.

Two minutes afterwards the neighbors and Detective Bergis, of the Croton street station, arrived. They found Lawson on the sitting-room floor, with his head in a pool of blood, and a bullet wound in the center of his forehead. The revolver was found in the kitchen, so far away from Hagen.

Hagen was removed to the Long Island Hospital, where he died, as stated.

Lawson says Hagen fired the third shot at him in a room immediately after he Lawson escaped from the house, but he does not account for the revolver being found in the kitchen, so far away from Hagen.

The police think that Lawson knows more about the affair than he is willing to tell, and stories are about that Lawson uttered shot Hagen in the latter's struggle with Mrs. Hagen or in the scuffle he had with him.

A bill has been introduced in the United States Senate, authorizing the construction of a bridge between New York City and New Jersey.

It is proposed to form a corporation of fifteen people, to be known as the North River Bridge Company, and that they shall build and maintain the bridge.

The proposed bridge is to have not less than six railroad tracks, and to be constructed with a single span.

The bill provides that the bridge must be completed within seven years.

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Office of funeral director.

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